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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FISHMONGERS' ALMS-HOUSES, NEWINGTON.

## Charitable Institutions.

THE accompanying engraving may be considered as the first of a series of views of "THE ALMS-HOUSES OF ENGLAND,"—those beautiful and heart-cheering spots that, more especially, stud the environs of the metropolis, like sparkling diamonds. Great Britain may justly boast of her native valour; her unbounded wealth; her immense shipping; or of her magnificent manufactories; but it is of her innumerable god-like charities she has the greatest reason to be proud; for, there is not one ill, "that flesh is heir to," but what splendid hospitals are reared, for the cure or mitigation of its maladies. Also asylums for infants, and for aged and decayed citizens: among the latter, stand proudly pre-eminent—

## THE FISHMONGER'S ALMS-HOUSES,

Situate near Newington, Surrey, in the parish of St. George, Southwark; they were originally erected under the title of "St. Peter's Hospital," and appear to have been, from the first, in part supported by a voluntary appropriation, by the Company of Fishmongers, of a portion of the revenues of Sir Thomas Knesworth's (a great benefactor of the company in 1513,) estate; but the earliest benefaction which can be considered as a specific endowment, and which seems to have given occasion to the erection of the hospital, was that by Sir Thomas Hunt, who, by will, [April 26, 1615] gave, out of his land in Kent (or Kentish) street, Southwark, 20*l.* a year to the poor of the company of fishmongers, on condition that the company should build an hospital, containing houses for six poor free men, and to have the houses rent free, and a yearly sum of 40*s.* a-piece, to be paid quarterly; and every of them, on St. Thomas's day, to have a gown of three yards of good cloth, of 8*s.* a yard, and, also 6*s.* in money to make it up; that if any alms-man should die, and leave a wife, so long as she should continue a widow, she should have her dwelling free, but if she should marry, she should not tarry there; and 40*s.* and a yearly gown, should go to some honest brother of the company, who should wear the gown at times convenient, with the donor's arms on it, and the dolphin at its top.

William Hunt, Esq., son of the said Sir Thomas, in accomplishment of his father's will, executed two several grants of annuities of 20*l.* each, dated 16th November, 1618, issuing from cottages and lands in Kent-street, which annuities were granted "To the governors of St. Peter's Hospital, founded by the wardens and commonalty of the Mystery of Fishmongers."

On the 28th May, 1616, Mr. Robert Spencer gave 50*l.* towards erecting twelve or more alms-houses for the company's poor; and in 1617 [26th May,] on mention of Hunt's legacy and Spencer's donation, and an estimate by the wardens, that twelve dwellings could be

erected, and the purchase of the ground effected, for 400*l.*, the court of the company consented to the erecting thereof with all convenient speed; and they obtained, on petition, letters patent from James I., dated October 2, 1618, to erect and establish the said alms-houses, to be called "St. Peter's Hospital;" and the court of the company to be incorporated by the name of "the Governors of St. Peter's Hospital, founded by the wardens and company of the mystery of Fishmongers of the city of London," &c., with a common seal, power to hold lands, &c., and to make statutes for the government of the said hospital. The court ordered [23d November, 1618] that thirteen poor men and women should be placed in the hospital, at the next Christmas, six of them being pursuant to Hunt's will. Each of them were to receive so much money weekly, as, with the company's alms, and Hunt's legacy, should make their pensions 2*s.* weekly.

On December 29, 1620, Richard Edmonds, by will, gave his freehold tenement of the Bishop's Head, in the parish of St. Michael, Crooked-lane, to build from the first five-years' rent, two additional alms-houses, to adjoin those of the hospital, for two freemen's widows, or two freemen and their wives:—each to have a house, 2*s.* weekly, and a black cloth gown each inhabiting yearly, and to wear upon the sleeve of every gown the said Edmonds' mark, with a dolphin over it.

Richard Poyntall left [January 31, 1621,] 120*l.* for the supply of half a chaldron of coals yearly, to each of the twelve almshouses then built.

On October 9, 1626, alms-people were admitted into three newly-built houses. Seven more, built by the company, were afterwards added; and the whole of the Old Building, as it now stands, consisting of 22 dwellings, a chapel, and a hall, was finished in 1636, as appears by an inscription on the east front of their hall.

Sir John Leman, Lord Mayor of London, 1616, gave by will, [8th July, 1631,] an annuity of 12*l.* for the purchase of sea-coal for the inmates of these alms-houses.

Mr. John Fletcher bequeathed [December 14, 1635,] 10*s.* to the poor of these houses, to provide them a dinner together, once every month on a Sunday.

Sir John Gayer left by will, [19th December, 1635,] 100*l.* to buy lands, the rent to be employed in coals or wood, to be given to the inmates every December. This bequest is now given in money.

Mr. John Harper left by will, [July 10, 1682,] 100*l.* to purchase six chaldrons of sea-coal yearly for the use of the alms-people.

Mr. William Hippisley gave by will, [1766,] 300*l.* South-Sea stock, for the maintenance of the alms-women, who had not then yet had any particular donor.

A part of the property bequeathed by Sir

\* Herbert's History of the twelve great Livery Companies of London, 8vo. vol. ii., pp. 84-5.

*Thomas Kneseworth*, to the Company of Fishmongers, is applied to the maintenance and clothing of thirteen poor men and women in the above alms-houses. Its total amount in the year 1823, was 559l. 3s. 4d.

The above completed the endowment of what is called the "Old Hospital."

#### HULBERT'S ADDITIONAL FOUNDATION.

James Hulbert, by will, gave [14th August, 1719,] all the residue of his personal estate, amounting to 9,467l. 2s. 5d., to the company in trust, to erect an alms-house to maintain twenty poor men and women for ever, to be erected on a piece of ground belonging to the company, lying on the south side of St. Peter's Hospital. His statue is on a pedestal.

The alms-houses, completed by Hulbert's additional buildings, as the whole now stands, is altogether a neat and imposing pile. It consists of three courts, with gardens behind, and having a dining-hall\* and chapel, the whole environed by a low parapet wall. The Old Hospital is in the Gothic style with stone-mullioned windows: Mr. Hulbert's are more modern. The chapel has a handsome turret and bell; and over the gateway are the arms of the Fishmongers, in stone.

The alms-people, (forty-two in number,) under each of the above-named endowments, are appointed by the court of assistants. They are either married or single; the former receiving 12s. per week, the latter, 7s., and, in a few instances, 8s., and the very old ones 10s., with, in cases of infirmity or sickness, 2s. per week extra, for nurses. They receive also various other gifts, such as coats and gowns, coats, &c.

There is a chaplain, who reads prayers every Tuesday and Thursday morning, and attends the sick.

A medical person is also appointed to attend the alms-people; and the funerals of such as die without the means of defraying the expense, are paid for by the company, at a charge not exceeding 4l. 14s. 6d.

The average annual expenditure of the Hospital amounts to £1,620.

#### THE PERSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O, of the East!—from thy palace of flame,  
While the Persians are calling aloud on thy name,  
While we mortals are waiting thy beams upon earth,  
Delay not, delay not—great monarch come forth!  
The birds of the morn are already on wing,  
Preparing their hymns of thanksgiving to sing:  
The fields are all green where the dew-showers fall,  
But O Sun—where art thou, that should'st smile on them all?

Shall the golden-plum'd warblers be robb'd of the ray  
That hath light'd their plumage each bright summer's day?  
Shall the fields that were wont in thy splendour to gleam  
Lie murky and cheerless, unlit by thy beam?  
Thou art light to our dwellings, and life to our souls,  
As slowly beneath thee our dark planet rolls,  
Without thee we grope in the mazes of night—  
O, hasten to cheer us, great monarch of light!

E. M.

\* Vide page 245.

#### HOME OF MY YOUTH.

"Old sounds are in my ear—old thoughts  
Are wand'ring thro' my heart."

"The precious, unreturning years!"—*T. K. Hervey.*

Home of my youth! how brightly live, remembrances  
Of thee,  
Each flow'ry nook, and murmuring brook, and droop-  
ing willow tree,  
For memory's light returns again, each old familiar  
scene.

Each violet bank, and primrose vale, where I so oft  
have been.  
Spring's vernal days remind me of the lilacs sweet that  
grew.

Where the laburnum's graceful bough, was rich in  
golden hue,  
The bursting buds, the blossoms pale, the hawthorn-  
scented breeze,

The cawing rooks caroling high, above the old elm  
trees,  
And summer brings again to me, the fervid sunny  
hours,

When deep the welcome shadow lay, in those old  
garden bowers,  
Where sometimes thro' the silent noon, in youth's glad  
day of prime,

Wrapped in some brightly-storied page, I pass'd away  
the time.

But ever in those vanished scenes, I hear faint voices  
still,

The dead, the distant,—and the changed,—come back  
at fancy's will,

My early friends, where are ye now?—still "echo  
answers, where?"

Ye are but faded memories now, for ever lingering  
there!

And thro' pale autumn's gathering mists, how vividly  
I seem

Once more to wander thro' that place, as in a waking  
dream,

The rustling of the withered leaves, the twilight  
gathering grey,

Bring back to me my ancient home, and garden far  
away.

When drifting snows, and moaning winds, and darkly-  
clouded skies,

Make dear the cheerful winter hearth, again my fancy  
flies,

To scenes, where converse, wit, and song, I heard,—  
but silent now,—

Those beaming eyes are closed, for aye,—those forms  
belov'd laid low!

Thus every season brings again, that scene of other  
years,

But change, and death, have shadowed it, with silence,  
and with tears!

Yet still I love to wander in that youthful home of  
mine,

And dwell in sadly pleasing mood, on days of "auld  
lang syne!"

*Kirton-Lindsay.*

ANNE R.—

#### SONNET, TO THE PRINTING PRESS.

BY GEORGE MACFARREN.

Creative engine! man's promethean power,  
That rivals nature with a progeny.

Outliving every living thing; from thee  
The world derives its richest, sweetest dower;

Thine is the ever-fertilizing shower,  
Sucked up from streams of genius, and let fall,

As the mild dews of heaven, alike on all—  
Cheering, at once, the desert and the bower.

Hail to thee! handmaid of the gentle muse—  
Coiner of her soft breath and fancies wild—

To convert wealth that time may not abuse!  
Fruitful wife of Knowledge! still extend

A mother's nurture to his every child—  
Nurse true religion, and be freedom's friend.

B 2

## PRINCE ZEROBABEL'S ANSWER;

OR,

STRONGER THAN WINE, THE KING, OR WOMAN.\*

It happened once, as we find in Esdras and Josephus, authors not less believed than any under sacred, to be a great and solemn debate in the Court of Darius, what thing was to be accounted strongest of all other. He that could resolve this, in reward of his excellent wisdom, should be clad in purple, drink in gold, sleep on a bed of gold, and sit next Darius. None but they doubtless who were reputed wise, had the question propounded to them: who, after some respite given them by the King to consider in full assembly of all his lords and gravest counsellors, returned severally what they thought.—*Milton's Iconoclastes.*

It was the seventh day of the Royal Feast—a feast given by the King Darius to all his Officers, Satraps, and Nobles, in commemoration of the peace which their efforts had procured to the one hundred and twenty provinces of his vast kingdom. Silence was commanded at the table, and the King spoke:—

"This is the last day of the Feast, O Lords," he said, "let it exceed all former in joy and gloriousness. Stint not the wine—replenish the cups with its rosy floods, till the countenances of my liegemen shine like rubies. There is nothing on earth like WINE!"

Loud was the answer of applause to the gracious challenge of the great King: the golden flagons were fresh brimmed, and the jewelled wine-cups flashed amid the light.

"Yet becometh it not me," resumed the King, "to speak so in praise of wine: for saith the writer, 'It maketh the heart so joyous, that monarchs and governors are no longer feared—the love of friends and kindred is forgotten, and swords are oftentimes drawn between them.'"<sup>†</sup>

"Bravely hath my Lord spoken of wine," said his favourite, the Satrap Memucan, who sat next to him. "Potent, indeed, it truly is, and readily masters man—the lord of the earth. But I dare hazard an opinion, there exists a more powerful thing than wine."

"What may that be, Memucan?" said his royal master. "Say on."

"It is THE KING," said his favourite. "Man is lord of the earth, you say; he planteth the vineyard, and maketh the wine, but doth not the King command all men? If he command to kill, they kill: if he command to spare, they spare: bid he them go to war, to break down the adamantine walls of towers and of mountains—straightway it is done: command he to make desolate, to build, to plant, or to cut down—man obeyeth him. Confess, therefore, all ye who hear me, that nothing is stronger than the King!"

Scarce had Memucan spoken, or the words of adulation vanished from his lips—words so cogent in their praise and personality, and so in unison with the hearts of all his vassals

\* From an unpublished MS. work in the possession of the Author.

† I. Esdras.

assembled, than they were caught up by the harps of the thousand Harpers. Then were rolled out the royal symphonies—then was exalted this triumphal strain, whose chorus shook the foundations of the chamber.

King of Kings! O great Darius!  
Be thy name resounded by us:  
Mightier being owns not earth;  
Mightier never yet had birth;—  
Higher theme no Harper sings,  
Great Darius—King of Kings!

Thine the strength, and thine the will,  
Straight to spare, or swift to kill:  
In thy puissant hand is might,  
Armies down in death to smite;  
Life, from thee too, largely springs,  
High Darius—King of Kings!

What may mightier be than thee,  
Thou' earth, or thron' sea!  
Mightier who in domination!  
Fitter who for adoration!  
Stronger at thee the harper sings,  
High Darius—King of Kings!

"Hold—hold, Sir Harpers," exclaimed Rosoarc, starting from his couch. "Wine is strong, and the King is strong, but I know that, which surpasseth both in power."

"Speak on," said the king.

"It is WOMAN, my Lord. If mankind rule the world, does not woman rule him. Unto her owe their existence, both him who planteth the vine, and the king who commandeth sea and land. Father, and mother, and country, leaveth a man for his wife. For her sake, he will value as dust all the gold and jewelry of the broad earth's kingdoms. Doth he not sit at her feet—lives he not alone by her smile-light? Nay, even the king himself, strong though he be, yields to this stronger being. *Have I not seen a concubine take his crown from off his head, and set it upon her own.* Acknowledge, O King, and ye O Lords, that woman then is strongest."

Thundrous was the applause that followed on this appeal. Crowns of roses were heaped upon the speaker—bracelets of diamonds were clasped round his arms—glorious eyes rained on him their sweet influences, while the cups were re-surcharged with brimming measure, and Rosoarc was undissemblingly declared conqueror in the debate. Brilliantly the harp now broke out again, though in symphonies a thousand-fold more gorgeous than before. Super-eminently fair was the object they had now to glorify, and commensurably grand was the choral chant.

Ho! a ringing of Harps, and a shouting of Songs.  
To the strongest of all that to this earth belongs!—  
To the infinite worship, and measureless praise,  
Of her at whose feet the struck universe lays!—  
With a ringing of Harps, and a shouting of Song—  
Proclaim her the strongest of all that is strong.

Stay not to tell of her glorious powers,  
But own them transcendent at all times and hours—  
Stay not to tell of their lightning-like might,  
Lest their splendours, rash singer, thine eye-ball should blight!

But with ringing of Harps, and a shouting of Song,  
Proclaim her the strongest of all that is strong.

Kneel at her footstool, and worship her feet,  
Bask in the shine of her countenance sweet;—  
Ours that her love with all luxury blesteth;  
Ours that on earth none more power possesseth;  
Oh! with ringing of Harps, and with shouting of Song,  
Proclaim her the strongest of all that is strong!

Scarcely had the tumultuous uproar subsided, and silence been partially restored, than from a remote corner of the Banquet-room, arose a deep and heavy-burdened sigh. At so unusual a sound in the festal apartments, all started; till the King, turning his head, beheld the captive prince Zerobabel, and heir presumptive to the crown of Judah, standing apart from the revellers, with his arms folded in his linen mantle, his eyes fixed in lamentation on the ground, and his whole figure expressive of mournful musing, presenting a strange contrast to the magnificence and merriment of the court around.

"How now, Zerobabel," said the king, "why art thou so sad—why this vexatious sorrow, when all the world is gay and riotous?"

"Let the king live for ever," said the captive Hebrew, "and let my Lord not rebuke me; for why should not my countenance be sad, when the place of my fathers lieth desolate and waste; her gates consumed by fire; her sanctuaries desecrated; her children in dismal exile; and their harps upon the willows!"

"Nay, Zerobabel, but mar not our joy by thy gloom. Cheer up, Zerobabel—come, tell us which thou thinkest the strongest in the world—wine, the king, or woman?"

"They are all excellent in strength, my Lord; but, O King, there is something more powerful than these."

"And what may that be," said Darius, smiling distrustfully, and expecting some amusement from the captive's reply.

"Truth is stronger," answered the Hebrew, as he assumed the pontifical attitude of a Samuel. "The heavens above, and the earth beneath, one and both bow to the powerfulness of Truth. Error, and death, and deceit, are in the king, wine, and woman, but Truth reigneth evermore, and evermore conquereth. Her stars obey in their courses, and by her, the golden planets roll. By Truth, the pillars of the heavens, are established; and, on her, rest the beams of universal creation. Truth is the power and glory—the strength and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of Truth!"

Zerobabel was silent. The Harpers felt the solemnity and wisdom of his words too powerfully, to allow their majestic sanctity to be violated by wanton harpings. An awe, sudden and unspeakable, fell upon the faces of the whole assembly, and they exclaimed with one heart and one voice,—

"GREAT IS TRUTH, AND MIGHTY ABOVE ALL THINGS."

W. ARCHER.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—A sojourn of six years in Scotland, has enabled me to form a tolerably correct opinion of the character of the North Britons. In my present paper, however, I have solely confined myself in endeavouring to delineate only *one* part of their character—that relating to their manner of courtship. You may think my description rather bitter, and that I am a disappointed bachelor. I am certainly unmarried, (which might not, perhaps, have been the case, had I spent the last six years among my own charming country-women) but I can assure you, I have not dipped my pen in gall, while putting together the following remarks. I have mixed a good deal in Scottish society, and can vouch for the truth of what I advance. If you think the article will amuse any of your readers, the insertion of it will oblige your old contributor and humble servant,  
G. W. N.

Edinburgh, March 17, 1840.

#### SCOTTISH COURTSHIPS.

When a man begins to entertain a passion for a young female, he does not immediately pay her any attention; but endeavours, in an indirect manner, to find out her precise station in society, her domestic concerns, her character, and so forth. He may, probably, wish to know something about her *grandmother*. In this way, a twelvemonth may elapse; he may only, during that period, have exchanged a few words with the object of his secret solicitude. When he actually begins to show some attention, his demeanour is still cautious and reserved. If the lady favours him, she will accompany him to church on Sundays, walk with him in the evening, *et cetera*. Still the conversation may not be particular, and they may keep company for three or four years, before the young man speaks seriously of marriage. Even then, he may imagine himself not in a capacity to support a wife; however, having gained the affections of the young woman, and obtained from her a promise to marry, she becomes betrothed. At the termination, perhaps, of five or six years, the tedious courtship ends in a wedding. But the reverse is often the case; after a woman has engaged herself, her intended husband may meet with another whom he prefers, and the victim of his inconstancy, having spent the best part of her youth, gradually loses attraction, and finally becomes an *old maid*.

This system of courtship, notwithstanding all its evils, is most tenaciously adhered to by young persons of both sexes, and is perfectly in accordance with the wary character of the Scottish people. A stranger, unless he can follow the usual course, will have but little chance of gaining a wife. The straightforward manner of an English wooer actually terrifies a Caledonian maiden; she instantly puts aside all affability, becomes cold as an icicle, and shuns the ardent lover, in whose



breast a becoming pride ultimately arises; he perceives her disdain—the warmth of his passion abates, and he abandons the hopeless pursuit. Years may roll on in dull monotony, the disdainful fair-one may not receive another offer of marriage; and then she begins to repent of her cold-heartedness towards her former admirer.

Young women of about twenty years of age, consider no man good enough for their acceptance; consequently, they treat with scorn many excellent proposals. But when they arrive at the mature age of twenty-eight or thirty, their sentiments undergo a great change. They find that they are still single—that they have acted a wrong part, and that men with honourable intentions ought no longer to be treated with contempt. Under these new impressions, they alter their mode of proceeding, by conducting themselves quite opposite to their former method. The horror of dwindling into old maids now stares them in the face—they are resolved to get married at all events, and are not so particular about a man's stature as once they were; they do not much trouble themselves about whether he dresses fashionably or not—whether his complexion be dark or fair, &c. The romance of their existence has fled; they want husbands, and, in an indirect way, actually court the object of their wishes.

#### SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE IN AMERICA.

##### INTEMPERANCE.

ONCE I walked abroad when the dews of the morning still lingered upon the grass, and the white lilies drooped their beautiful bells as if shedding tears of joy. Nature breathed a perpetual song into the hearts of even her silent children. But I looked only on those whose souls have the gift of reason, and who are not born to die. I said, if the spirit of joy is in the frail flower that flourishes but for a day, and in the bird that bears to its nest but a single crumb of bread, and in the lamb that knows no friend but its mother—how much purer must be their happiness who are surrounded with good things, as with a flowing river, and whose knowledge need have no limit but life; and who know that, though they seem to die, it is to live for ever. Then I looked upon a group of children—their garb was neglected, and their locks uncombed. They were unfed and untanght, and clamoured loudly with wayward tongues. I asked them why they went not to school with their companions, and they mocked at me. I heard two besom friends speak harsh and violent words to each other, and I turned away affrighted at the blows they dealt. I saw a man with a bloated fiery countenance—he seemed strong as the oak among trees—yet were his steps more unsteady than those of the tottering babe—he fell heavily, and I wondered why

no hand was stretched out to raise him up. I saw an open grave—a poor widow stood near it with her little ones. Yet, methought, their own sufferings had set a deeper seal upon them, than sorrow for the dead. Then I marvelled what it could be that made the father and mother not pity their children, when they hungered, nor call them home when they were in wickedness—and friends forget their early love—and the strong man fall down senseless—and the young die before their time. And a voice answered, "It is Intemperance." Visiting a pawnbroker's shop in Chatham Street, New York, for the purpose of redeeming some articles left by an unfortunate friend, the following circumstance arrested my attention. A middle-aged man entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which, on being opened, was found to contain a shawl, and two or three other articles of female apparel. The man was stout and sturdy, and as I judged from his appearance, a mechanic; but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance, and his heavy stupid eyes. Intemperance had marked him for its own. The pawnbroker was yet examining the offered pledge, when a woman, whose pale face and attenuated form bespoke long and intimate acquaintance with sorrow, came hastily into the shop, and with the single exclamation "Oh Robert!" darted, rather than ran, to that part of the counter where the man was standing—words were not wanting to explain her story—her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had descended to the meanness of plundering even her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance, for obtaining of which this robbery would furnish means, was destined to be squandered in the tippling house. A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face, but it quickly passed away; the brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling that had apparently stirred within him, for the moment, soon gave way before its diseased and insatiate cravings. "Go home," was his harsh and angry exclamation, "what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding—go home, and mind your own business."

"Oh Robert! dear Robert!" answered the unhappy wife, "don't pawn my shawl—our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them. Oh, do let me have the money—it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother's gift; but I will let it go, rather than see my children starve—give me the money, Robert, and don't leave us to perish."

I watched the face of the pawnbroker, to see what effect this appeal would have upon him—but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress, and had no sympathy to throw away. "Twelve shillings on these," he said, tossing them back to the drunkard, with a look of perfect indifference.

"Only twelve shillings!" murmured the heart-broken wife, in a tone of despair—"oh,

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Robert, don't let them go for twelve shillings, let me try somewhere else."

"Nonsense," answered the brute, "it is as much as they're worth, I suppose,—here, Mr. Crimp, give us the change."

The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to the drawer. The woman reached forth her hand towards the silver, but the movement was anticipated by her husband. "There, Mary," he said, giving her half a dollar, "there, go home now, and don't make a fuss. I'm going a little way up town, and, perhaps, will bring you something from market, when I come home."

The hopeless look of the poor woman, as she turned meekly to the door, told plainly enough how little she trusted to this ambiguous promise. They went on their way—she to her famishing children, and he to squander the dollar he had retained. This is a dark picture, but a true one—still there are brighter spots than this. A man who lives in one of the largest towns of America, had been a tippler for many years; but suddenly, he desisted, and is now a sober and industrious citizen—but it was his child, a boy about six years old, who was the means of reclaiming him—the story is this. Some months ago, his wife was confined at the birth of an infant, and at the same time, two of the children were so dangerously ill, that every day was expected to be their last. But in all this family distress, made more insufferable by the poverty he had brought upon them, the unnatural father and husband was drunk, swearing about the house, and left his afflicted companion to bear her burden alone. One day, in complete despair, she addressed him thus: "For several years, you have wasted by intemperance, all we both have earned, and now in this afflicting sickness and distress you can afford me no assistance—it is more than I can endure. As soon as I am able, I will take the children, and go back to the East, and leave you to take care of yourself." Here his eldest child, a boy of six years of age, replied, "Yes, father, and I will go too, and help mother; for the other day, when you were drunk, and swore so up the street, a boy asked me if you were my father, and I told him, No—that you were an old man that boarded at our house." The fact that his own child was ashamed to own him, had that effect on him, that he returned no more to his cups, and is now an affectionate and industrious husband and father. But the poor untutored Indian savage can teach us, who profess so much civilization, and who enjoy so largely the advantages of education—a lesson of self-denial, which, were it taken, would banish away for ever, the demon spirit from this land, as well as America. A friend of mine, who has extensive dealings with the Indians of Mississippi, told me the following characteristic anecdote. "A chief of the name of Glover, in some gush of passion, happened to slay another Indian. The invariable penalty

for killing among those primitive beings, is death, and that punishment is, by their custom, inflicted by the nearest friends of the deceased. These had met together with the prisoner in their charge, to execute the last sentence on him. He asked one favour of the judges, before he died; and as generous enemies, he hoped they would grant it, as it was the last he would ever ask of them—it was, that he might be permitted to take one glass more of fire-water, and smoke one more pipe of tobacco. So small a request was readily granted; they promised to postpone the execution until he drank and smoked again. Having got them sufficiently committed to this proposition, he gave them to understand he never intended to do either." Such is the sacredness of an Indian promise, that subterfuge thus saved his life. This occurred ten years ago, and Glover is yet living. What a lesson to us—death by the tomahawk may not be lowering over our heads as it was over this child of the forest—but the slow poison of rum will as surely bring us to an untimely grave, unless we "go and do so likewise."

C. M.

## Architecture.

### TRAVELLERS' CLUB-HOUSE, Pall Mall.

THE consent of all competent judges has assigned a very high rank to this building as a piece of architectural design, for if, in point of mere *quantity* it falls greatly short of many contemporary structures, it surpasses nearly every one of them in *quality*, and in the artist-like treatment of a subject, that in other hands than those of Mr. Barry, would probably have been nothing more than decent commonplace, and respectable dullness. In fact, it makes an epoch in our metropolitan architecture, for before, we had hardly a specimen of that nobler Italian style, which, instead of the flutter and flippery, and the littleness of manner, which pervade most of the productions of the Palladian school, is characterised by breadth and simplicity—not by simplicity according to the vulgar notion of the term, which renders it synonymous with baldness and bareness—with the absence of suitable decoration and finish, but that refined simplicity arising from unity of idea and execution, and from every part being consistently worked up, yet kept subservient to one predominating effect.

Unfortunately, the south front, which is by far the more striking and graceful composition, is comparatively little seen, being that facing Carlton Gardens, and not to be approached so as to be studied as it deserves; but when examined, it certainly must be allowed to merit all the admiration it has obtained. It is true, there are very few features in it,—only five windows on each of the two floors; and yet we will be bold to affirm that there is more originality, more study, more real *gusto* in that small façade, than in almost any half dozen of

our modern buildings, no matter how large they may be. Certainly there is far more of design and detail, put into one of the arched windows of the upper story, than would suffice to produce a couple of porticoes—that is, according to the approved recipe for *designing* such ultra-classical affairs, since it consists in nothing more than settling the number and size of a string of columns, to be set up in front of a building, and then copying them, *secundum artem* from the plates in Stuart's Athens, or other publication of that class. Whether the portico agree with the rest of the building, or the latter at all accord with the portico stuck to it, is a very minor consideration with the generality of our ultra-classical architects and their employers; and, indeed, should the portico have occasion to be ashamed of the building tied to it, at all events the building will have reason to be proud of the portico, which confers on it all the distinction to which it is entitled. To be serious—the mechanical copying of Greek architecture, that is, as far as columns alone go, has produced such cold monotony, and frigid, hacknied mannerism, that both architects and the public are now beginning to grow weary of that style, and the Italian style has, within the few last years, been taken into favour. This change may, in a great measure, be ascribed to Mr. Barry's tasteful application of the eleventh of that style, as exhibited in the earlier works of the Florentine and Roman schools, and his infusing into them a fresh spirit.

We are, therefore, exceedingly well-pleased to find, that the Travellers' Club House has been selected as the first subject in the publication entitled, "Studies and Examples of the Modern School of English Architecture," for there is hardly one building of the present day, which shews more diligent study on the part of its architect, or which is more worthy of being diligently studied by others. It is perfectly free from any of those carelessnesses and blemishes which are so frequently suffered to mar the whole of a design, let its merits in other respects be what they may; and which are to the architectural eye as offensive, as false notes and singing out of tune are to the musical ear;—nay, worse, because the latter are only accidental and transitory defects; whereas the others are permanent ones, and inherent in the composition itself—those of the architect—not the errors of an unskilful draftsman, who misrepresents the building he professes to describe to the eye.

We are all the better pleased with the choice of the subject in the publication just referred to, because the copies that find a way abroad, will impress foreigners who have not visited this country, with a more favourable idea of the taste and architectural talent to be met with here, than almost any other single example of the same date; more especially as the plates do justice to the beauty of the design, being in themselves of very superior execution, both as to the drawing and engraving. They

exhibit, also, the very first attempt at satisfactorily illustrating a modern building, by accurate drawings and measurements of its details and ornaments. Nothing of the kind has been before done in such works as the Vitruvius Britannicus, the excuse for which, in many instances, may be, that there is no detail to show—that is, nothing beyond the most ordinary mouldings; whereas, though perfect, quiet, and sober in effect, and unostentatious in character, this building of Mr. Barry's is remarkable for the careful finish bestowed on every part of it. It is this quality, together with the taste displayed in the design, generally, that renders it an architectural bijou. Almost any one must be sensible of this, if he will but be at the pains to compare it with the United Service Club, on the east side of Carlton-place, of which, as far as mere quantity goes, there is much more. Yet what poor, bald, and commonplace stuff it is! wiry and meagre in the extreme, with a cornice that is a mere shelf along the upper edge of the front, and with dressings to the windows that look as if they had been left to the plasterers to do them just as they could. Again, the façade of the new Club House Chambers, in Regent-street, shows some attempt on the part of the architect to follow Mr. Barry, for he has adopted the bold cornice which is so characteristic and effective a feature in that particular mode of Italian architecture. But that is almost the only circumstance in the design that is really good, almost all the rest being more or less faulty: the arched windows to the upper, or attic story are decidedly bad, being destructive of all harmony, while those of the principal floor betray a most lamentable deficiency of taste; for while they are over-ornamented in some respects, they are mean and naked in others; and the Corinthian columns, intended as decorations to them, not only are coarse, and produce a certain disagreeable heaviness, but cause the poverty of their entablatures, which have no architraves, to be intolerably offensive. Instead, therefore, of proving a dangerous rival to the Travellers' Club House, this building has merely just enough of the same style in it, to make the great superiority of the other more apparent than ever.

As regards the publication of which that club house forms the first portion, there can hardly be but one opinion as to its intrinsic value and beauty, for not only will each building be far more correctly shewn and copiously illustrated than are those in the Vitruvius Britannicus, but the work itself is far more convenient in size; added to which it contains a great deal of letter-press, both descriptive and critical, whereas, scarcely any thing of the kind, not even what has been wanted in the way of explanation alone, has hitherto accompanied any designs of modern buildings. We may probably select some extracts from this interesting volume, at some other opportunity; but for the present we must here conclude.





THE DINING HALL,

IN THE FISHMONGERS' ALMS-HOUSES,

Is on the south side of the inner quadrangle; it has some neat painted glass, and over the chimney-piece are the Company's arms:—Three dolphins naiant in pale, between two pair of lucies ensaltire proper, crowned Or, on a chief Gu. Six keys in three saltires, (ward ends uppermost,) as the crowns, crest, on an helmet and force, two arms supporting an imperial cross of the second. Supporters, a merman and mermaid, the first armed, the second with a mirror in her hand proper, motto: "All worship be to God only."

Manning and Bray, in their History of Surrey, vol. iii., p. 635, say, "Over the chimney piece of the Hall, is this inscription in gold characters on a black ground:—'The roof and seeling, floare of this Dyeing-hall, and the windows thereof, with the outward gates of this Hospital, were new built and made, and several other reparations done in and about the walls and rooms thereof, at the costs and charges of the worshipful Company of Fishmongers, London, the sole governors of the same, Anno Domini, 1661. Francis Knight, Esq., George Foxcroft, John Roche, James Roche, James Barson, William Wilcocks and Walter Underhill the elder, being then Wardens of the said Company.'"

Over the east door of the Second Court, as given by Aubrey, in his History of Surrey, vol. v. p. 108, is this inscription:—"This part of the Building was finished An. Dom. 1636; John Dyke then being . . . . Mr. Augustine Garland, Isaac Pennington, Nicholas

Houghton, Edward Mowse, and Andrew Hawes, Wardens."

Over the west door of the entrance into the same Court, is inscribed:—*William Angel, Richard Edmonds, Thomas Tristram, Thomas Langton, Martin Crane, Arthur Mowse, Wardens*; when this house was built Anno Domini, 1618. And was beautified and amended, with many other things done in this hospital, Anno Domini, 1666. *Abraham Johnson, George Younge, Walter Underhill, Thomas Bertham, William Noyes, Arthur Winde, Wardens.*"

On the other corner. Arms, a saltire without colours, and "Sir Thomas Hunt, knight and baronet, a bountiful benefactor." On a stone beneath, "A. B." i. e. Anne Bromesgrave, who built and endowed two of the houses.

In the 4th. James I., a brief was granted for the repair of St. George's Church, Southwark, when the Fishmongers gave 40 marks, towards liquidating the expense, amounting to 114*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*;—the parish voted the use of a large pew for the inmates of the above Alms-houses; and above the said pew, (adjoining to the upper window of the south aisle) was carved in wood, the Fishmonger's Arms.

In addition to the above establishment, the Fishmongers have several similar ones; particularly *Harrietham Alms-houses*, in Kent, founded by Mart. Quested, Esq., and *Jesus Hospital*, at Bray, in Norfolk.

## WORDS OF BEAUTY.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Words of Beauty! Words of Power!  
 Charming still with magic spell,  
 I summon ye, in languor's hour,  
 My mind's lone anguish to dispel.  
 Sweetest of my native tongue,  
 Words of beauty, lov'd and dear,  
 Treasured up when life was young,  
 Bring your witching influence here,  
 Words of Beauty! Words of Beauty!

MOTHER, sister, love, and home,  
 Words of Beauty! Words of Power!  
 MOTHER! ah! what sweet thoughts come  
 With thy name, of childhood's hour.  
 SISTER! oh, what tenderness,  
 O, what joy, remembered well,  
 Does thy soothing sound express,  
 Beautiful words, how dear they spell,  
 Words of Beauty! Words of Beauty!

LOVE! ah, what a word thou art!  
 O, what rapture's in thy sound,  
 Hope, desire, of thee are part.  
 All of good in thee is found:  
 HOME! thou art surpassing dear!  
 Word most holy, word most blest,  
 Friends and kin, breathe in thy sphere,  
 Wife and children, peace and rest;  
 Words of Beauty! Words of Beauty!

Words of Beauty! Words of Power!  
 Lov'd of bard, by minstrel sung,  
 Sweetest thoughts of sorrow's hour,  
 Dearest of our native tongue!  
 Such thy charm, thy magic such,  
 By memory rais'd, the power is thine  
 To cheer the soul, the heart to touch,  
 With all that renders life divine!  
 Words of Beauty! Words of Beauty!

## LINES ON SAPPHO.

BY ANDREW PARK.

NAME not the dead, except thy soul refined  
 Hath walked with sorrow through the realms of mind!—  
 Name not the dead—if with poetic fire  
 They've kindled kindness by their heaven-toned lyre—  
 Except thy soul hath also felt the flame,  
 Dare not to breathe the memory of her name.

When youth and love—when bliss and beauty die,—  
 Well might mankind give forth the soul-born sigh!  
 When angel-thoughts, which thrill'd the silver wire,  
 Die into echo, and at last expire,  
 When the light fingers trill its chords no more,  
 Who has a heart, and not the loss deplore?

Sweet Porey! thou mainspring of the soul,  
 Thou sunbeam bright that glows through nature's  
 whole,

Thou sweet enchantress of our early years,  
 Born to inspire with gladness or with tears;  
 One wrinkle more steals o'er thy mental brow;—  
 One of thy children chaunts no longer now!

Her's was a soul that trod the sunny air,  
 And walk'd with vision'd phantoms sweetly fair;  
 Flow with the winds o'er Love's serene bowers,  
 And paused to suck the essence from the flowers;  
 Danced in the tiny bark, o'er waves of snow,  
 And taught a thousand tender hearts to glow.

Yet, ah, how sad!—perhaps her sweetest tone,  
 Which charm'd all bosoms,—could not charm her own!  
 Like the sweet blossom giving forth its balm,  
 Smiling serene, with aspect mildly calm;  
 Yet if its secret sorrow were express'd,  
 Perhaps a reptile feasting in its breast;  
 Thus early doom'd to drop the golden lyre,  
 To bud, to blossom, wither, and expire.

HUCKLEBERRIES IN DECEMBER;  
OR EASTERN ROMANCE AND WESTERN REALITY.

THE orange groves of Louisiana were soon exchanged for the cold but healthful breezes of the North, and, as we approached Pittsburg, our progress was partially impeded by the large flakes of ice, separated from the parent mass, and moving, as it were, irresistibly on, to be lost for ever in the sunny waters of the South,—not annihilated, but changed; assimilating in the material world that mystery of the universe, which the father of the too much abused and misunderstood doctrine of metempsychosis unfortunately applied to the essence which is immaterial, and which the Greek critic so severely ridicules as "Onoion Ononomenon."

'Twas night when we arrived at this Birmingham of America—a port of entry in the interior of a continent—two thousand miles from that sea on whose bosom her vessels ride triumphantly—an anomaly in the history of nations. The murky atmosphere which hung like a curtain over the city, rendering pale and ineffective the thousand lamps which burned in its streets, was most sublimely contrasted with the lurid and brilliant flame that issued from the Cyclopean forges with which the suburbs are studded.

The usual supper hour of the taverns being past, such of our company as intended to take a night-passage across the steep passes of the Alleghanies, supped upon the luscious and giant oyster of the bay of Mobile, brought up fresh by the New Orleans steamers. At ten we started, and found the roads slippery and dangerous from the effect of a severe frost, after a partial fall of snow. The modest moon now began to cast her magic lustre over the bold mountain peaks, shadowing forth their dim outlines, and presenting, in bold relief, the giant pine, and the more graceful juniper, whilst, in mercy to our fears, the awful gulphs which bordered on the very road-side, were hid in impenetrable gloom. Our companions were such as one always finds in America, the representatives of a certain class of every country. A laughter-loving Yankee, from Green Bay, who had passed round the Fox river of Wisconsin by Lake and Fort Winnebago; down the Mississippi, and up the Ohio, as the easiest and most expeditious route to Washington; a merchant from Alabama; a French dancing master, who had been teaching the art of grimace to the Kentuckians; and last, though not least, a modern Othello, and his fair Desdemona, who had joined us from their plantation, a few miles below the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi. The fair girl, it appears, gave her young heart to this "German," at that period of life when the feelings triumph over the judgment; and reason, clouded by the passions, yields to the soft influences of a gentle familiarity, giving colour to our preferences, and overlooking the outward aspect of things.

Alas! for woman, that her heart should have such dominion over her! how many a gentle and sorrowing creature blasted and scathed by the lightnings of her own unsubdued affections, lives, a monument of patient endurance, sacrificing, and still willing to sacrifice all earthly honours and distinctions on the altar of Love. Shakspeare, much as he knew of human nature, thought he was writing romance, when he depicted a pure and virgin love springing up in the bosom of his most perfect character for the sable Moor; but man never had an idea that was not, or will not be at some period of the world's history, a reality.

"Driver," said our Yankee companion. "stop the stage!" "What for?" said Jehu, "I want to pick huckleberries," said the jocosely Jonathan. The driver "*appreciated the conception*," and allowed our friend to enjoy his pastime; but the combustible effect of the oysters, as he termed it, had also produced strange motions in the French dancing-master, whose applications to the driver to "pick huckleberries" did not meet with the same success. After evident marks of distress, however, our little Frenchman exclaims, "*Driver! driver! you no let me out, I pick huckleberry in the staage*." W. B. EGAN.

### QUEEN ALCESTIS.

EURIPIDES—son of Mnesarchus—say they thou wert so hateful of womankind, that thy enemies branded thee with the title of *Μισογυνή*! —O summon up the shade of thy beautiful Alcestis—call before their eyes but that image of perfection—and instantly their calumnies shall be confuted, and they be converted from their heresies!

The scene of the Alcestis, as this drama is entitled, is laid at the palace of the hospitable King Admetus, who reigns over the kingdom of Phæria, in Thessaly. Death, "the black-robed ruler of the Dead,"—in a noble prosopœia adopted by the author, is represented as having been long loitering before the royal dwelling-house, impatient to strike his dart into the bosom of its sovereign; an intention which would most assuredly have been quickly consummated, but for the timely interposition of a third personage. This was no less than Phœbus Apollo, the golden-haired Sungod, who, driven from heaven by fierce-angered Jove, had concealed his lustrous locks beneath a mortal guise, and having, during this incognito, met with marvellous kindness from the hands of death-doomed Admetus, exercised at the dread juncture above-mentioned, his prerogatives of godhead in return; and granted, that so long as Admetus should obtain a voluntary substitute for himself, so long should he be personally exempted from the power and control of death.

Thessaly is straightway ransacked to find a hero, who, in such a cause, will yield himself

a sacrifice to fate, and supply the place of the king. But, alas! self-love of life reigns too mightily strong in men, for man to expect a hurriedly-offered sacrifice: and so found Admetus. Throughout his broad kingdom, none offered to die for their king *without* the pale of his palace; and his last resource was to search *within* its precincts. But kith and kin alike refused—many were called, but none chose the lot, and the gift of the Sungod threatened, after all, to prove but a gilded non-nullity. But, at this terrible crisis—a beloved object arose, who, with unfathomable love in her bosom, and unconquerable purpose in her dear heart, determined to die in the doomed king's stead. And who, think you, proposed herself as victim—even the precious wife of his own bosom—beautiful Alcestis!

In quick coaction with her resolve, the Thessalian Queen is immediately represented as preparing for the fatal catastrophe, with the utmost purity and religious resignation. She bathes her chaste body in the pure rivalet, and arrays herself in splendid apparel. Then advancing to the altar of Proserpine, she prays with devout fervour for her infant children: With her own hand she crowns each domestic hearth, and without uttering a murmur, or shedding a tear, she performs every sacred solemnity. The poet artfully insinuates that her beauty was unimpaired, and that her charms, at this moment, when she was descending to the grave, were in their meridian lustre. After this ceremony, she retires to her bridal chamber. Here her affection recoils, and we behold the heroine melted into the mother and the lover. She now addresses her nuptial couch with a farewell apostrophe, and in a strain of the most engaging delicacy. "And afterwards," says the writer, "having sped to her chamber and her bed, she there at length wept, and speaks thus:—"

Ἦ λῆκτρον ἔνθα παρθένη ἔλυσ' ἐγὼ  
κατέμηναι' ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὐ θνήσκω πᾶσι  
χαῖρ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐχθαίρω σ' ἀπάλαστος δ' ἐμὲ  
μὲν γὰρ προδοῦναι, σ' ὀκνεύω καὶ πόσῳ  
θνήσκω' . . . . . Alcest. 178—182.

κινεῖ δὲ προσπίπτουσα πᾶν δὲ δέμνιον  
ὀφθαλμοτέγκτα δέχεται πλημμυρίδι.  
Alcest. 184—185.

"O Bridal bed, whereon I loosed my virgin zone, with this my dear husband, for whom I die, farewell, for I hate thee not; but me alone hast thou undone, for loth to betray thee, and my husband, I die:—"

"And falling upon it, she kisses it, and the whole bed was soaked with the tide that flowed from her eyes."

We next contemplate her endeavouring with unavailing efforts to abandon the object of her affection, and she pants for another and a farewell look. Her sobbing infants cling around their mother's robes, and are clasped to her parental bosom.

"And her child, enclinging unto the garments of their mother, wept; and she taking them in her arms, embraced them—first one, and then another, as being about to die."

Each weeping domestic is also honoured with her royal hand, and addressed in the most endearing terms. The inconsolable Admetus supports his expiring consort, and implores her not to desert him—but the disease preys mortally on her vitals—her cheeks flush with an unspeakable lustre—her eye concentrates all the glory of its last glance upon him—and Alcestis hath passed away for ever.

O ye who sing of the sweet and lingering echo of pains which are past, or of the poignancy of troubles to come, whose hearts bleed, because in remembrance of former bliss, ye may not cast over the waves of trouble, a single gleam of the sweet radiance of hope, weep, O weep, for the remediless doom of the young and virtuous Alcestis!

Admetus's grief is now transported into a kind of romantic extravagance; on his leaving the couch, and subsequently on his return from the sepulchre, he revolts at each object of his palace, and paints his forlorn condition with elegance and pathos.

And here are skilfully introduced the mournful harmonies of the choral ode, celebrating the memory of the departed Queen, with enchanting beauty. They proclaim to the Infernal Gods that the noblest female has descended to their dreary abodes: hence their prophecy, that the immortal Alcestis will be the favourite theme of musicians and of bards, at all the sacred festivals: they pray that the earth may lay lightly on her bosom, and that she may be blest for ever.

But in vain does the chorus attempt to console Admetus: it affords no balm to his stricken heart: he is too much absorbed to listen to the voice of friendship.

At this juncture, however, a new hero appears upon the scene, and he, too, not less than a God; for the Gods of heaven then walked the earth, even as they did in days antediluvian. This is Hercules, who, having been hospitably entertained by Admetus, and continued boisterously carousing in his mansion, even while the funeral of Alcestis was proceeding, determines to make amends for his rudeness, and to reward the hospitality of that royal benefactor, by rescuing his departed consort from Death! Hark! how Alcmena's son pronounces this resolve in mighty and majestic verses.

ἔμει τὴν κατὰ,  
Κόρης ἀνακτός τ' εἰς ἀσηλευὸς δόμους  
— δ' ἄνακτα τὸν μελᾶμπελον νεκρῶν  
μάρψω, κίχλον δὲ περιβαλὼν χερσὶν ἑμῶν  
οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις αὐτὸν ἐξαίρῃσται  
μοχλοῦντα πλεῦρα, πρὶν γυναικὶ ἑμῷ μεθῇ.

"I will go down below, among the sunless dwellings of the dead: there on the black-robed Death-king will I seize: my arms shall bind him in an iron grapple:—none—none shall tear the struggling giant from me, until he render me the Queen Alcestis."

In fulfilment of these nervous words,\* the God of many labours acts: and the catastrophe of the tragedy is, the restoration to light, to life, and to love, of the amiable victim of devotion. That he may not surprise the senses of Admetus too suddenly by the ravishing restoral, he introduces her to Admetus in a veil—till on the sudden removal of this appendage, he starts back, uttering with keen amazement,

\* ὦ θεοί, τί λέγω; θαυμά ἀνελπιστὸν τοῦτο.

Alcest. 1142.

"O Gods, what shall I say?  
O, unexpected wonder!"†

Straightway Admetus orders, that dances be instituted in honour of these happy events, and that they make the altars of Phœra odorous with hecatombs of sacrificed oxen: his ravishment knows no bounds: she that was dead, is now alive; and their bliss is overflowing as the waters of the sea.

† ὦ φίλτάτης γυναικὸς ὄμμα, καὶ δέμας  
ἔχω σ' ἀλεπτῶς ὑπὸς τ' ἔθεσθαι δοκίω.

Alcest. 1152—1153.

[In ecstasy.] "O countenance and person of my dearest wife, possess I thee beyond my hopes, when I thought never to see thee more!"

Such is the substance of the play of Alcestis, and which among the remaining compositions of the Grecian master, is unquestionably the most exquisite. Euripides triumphs not here, as in other of his works, by involving us in metaphysical subtleties, but by a direct and powerful appeal to the sensibilities and understanding, and by tenderly drawing us to tears. Though he aims to make a representation of perfect beauty, yet he seeks not to rise above humanity, but envelopes his lovely heroine in distresses of the most physical complexion. He casts around Alcestis no high or supernatural solemnity of grief, destructive of the force of sympathy, but tearing away the disguises of rank, he claims our agonizing pity for her who is afflicted even as the lowest of mortals. Possessed with a mind penetrating and refined, and imbued with great sweetness and elegance, the tragical artist sat down to paint, in Alcestis, a beautiful picture of self-devotion; and a portraiture of richer loveliness, or tenderer beauty, never entered into the heart of man to conceive. Beautiful Alcestis! we worship at thy shrine.—W. A.

\* These words have always carried to my mind a most mysterious signification. The frequent passages with which the old Mythology, of their heroes descending into the grave either to visit or rescue the dead, seem but so many adumbrations of "Him, who descended into Hell, and rose again on the third day." Hercules has been termed a "Salvator Hominum," and these words fully bear it out.

† I am aware that in the original drama, the descent is brought about with much frigidity, the sudden rapture does not take place so instantaneously as here described; I have, in this case, endeavoured, therefore, to elude the faultiness of my master, and in joining in the common complaint of critics, at the same time made the emendation.

B-D. 33. 296.  
- VI. 197.

## COIN-COLLECTING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the general predilection for the Collecting of Sovereigns, an *amor numismaticus*, or desire of gathering choice and rare specimens of coins, the current money of the olden day is becoming prevalent, and may be said to be hourly extending. Collections are forming by those who previously did not comprehend the insight into the volume of history which this passion unfolds. As an amusement, it is fraught with sterling interest, and is only adopted by persons possessing the highest intellectual attainments; and unequivocally justifying the urbane opinion of an elderly gentleman, too old to join in the pursuit—he never knew a coin-collector who was a bad man. Boys at school, in their holiday secessions from study, are found now more frequently than ever, scenting all parts of the metropolis, busy as dogs in a fair, and ferreting out every receptacle, the supposed depositories of old coin—in search of the twelve Cæsars, or the imperial denarii of some Roman emperor, the object of his latest exercises, or coins illustrative of the history of the Eternal City, its magnates, or its colonies. The coins of Greece now disturb the slumbers of many a youthful and adult brain, who not long since considered them as unmeaning lumps of silver, satisfied with the enquiry *en passant*—what are they good for? Ladies who simply asked, in such matters—what are they worth? are now found to have a cabinet by Roberts, or some other distinguished manufacturer, and on inspection invariably, disclosing some fine specimens of coins, the acquisition of which, if not by themselves, has been effected by some good-natured and friendly agent, more *au fait* in the science.

These observations are borne out, by what must be incontestably perceptible on a moment's reflection—the first Maundy-money of the present Queen is scarcely attainable, so intently have collectors secured them in their cabinets; and those of the last reign are far from being easily to be met with. The milled money of all the reigns from Charles the Second, and more particularly those of known scarcity, occur much seldomer in fine condition, and bear proportionately a greater price for purchase as curiosities, than ever they did—instance the memorable competition crown-piece of 1663, by Thomas Simon, that has produced two hundred and twenty-five pounds at public auction; and Roman gold coins, less in weight than a sovereign, have been eagerly bought by collectors, at from seventy to one hundred and twenty guineas each. The science has become more generally diffused than has been hitherto known, and the Numismatic Society has arisen solely from this cause: Gentlemen distinguished by their enquiries, and characterised by their practical experience, are now more habituated to meet each other in society, and to disclose unreservedly, the result of their labours. Several have even printed volumes at their own cost, regardless of remuneration by their sale, for the general

information of persons as interested as themselves in these researches. A supplement is now preparing to the late General Ainslie's excellent work on the Anglo-Gallic Coinage by the kings of England; and Mr. Lindsay, of Cork, is also busy in the preparation of an additional volume to the one already published by him, on the coinage of Ireland. The highly respected and very talented Dean of St. Patrick, will ere long, emblazon his name among those of the friends of Ireland, by the publication of his Medallio History of that country. Mr. Hawkins, it is said, will soon deliver a paper on the recent discovery of some valuable Anglo-Saxon coins, at Gravesend; and a volume on the Coinage of England, with engravings, is also spoken of, from the same erudite gentleman. Dr. Smyth, of Dublin, has finished a valuable paper on the coins of the reign of Edward the Fourth, now printing, and will appear with engravings. Mr. Brandreth, a gentleman as distinguishable for his urbanity, as for his learning and mental qualifications, has printed privately for the gratification of a few friends, a paper, entitled, "Observations on the Anglo-Saxon Styca of Northumbria, with a notice of the Saxon money in general." Can the interests of such a science fail in the pursuit, under such auspices as these!—the answer is evident. Two editions of Ruding's Annals of the Coinage, have been within a few years, sold off to the last copy, and a third is now nearly completed by Mr. Hearne. The cabinets of modern collectors are severally distinguished by the choice condition and rarity of the coins; and these coins are daily becoming more prescribed, and the value consequently advancing in the same ratio. B.

## MR. C. KEMBLE'S RETURN TO THE STAGE.

On the evening of her Majesty's state visit, with Prince Albert, to Covent Garden Theatre, February 28th, last, the splendid vase voted to Mr. C. Kemble in testimony of his professional talent, and gentlemanly reputation, was submitted to the Queen's inspection. Her Majesty very graciously expressed her admiration of this costly present, as a work of art, and as a just tribute to one so gifted and so worthy; explaining its object to her illustrious consort, and at the same time regretting his Royal Highness could not now enjoy the pleasure of Mr. Kemble's masterly impersonations. These flattering expressions were conveyed to Mr. Kemble, who immediately placed himself at her Majesty's commands, and he consequently appeared as Don Felix, in the comedy of "The Wonder," on March 24th following, before as intellectual and gratified an audience that has assembled in any public place of entertainment in this country for many years. By her Majesty's request and selection, *Romeo and Juliet* was performed on the 26th, our veteran sustaining his favourite part of Mercutio with equal attraction, and, if possible, superior success. At the fall of the curtain, on being presented to



his royal patrons, who warmly commended the performance, Prince Albert expressed a hope that Mr. Kemble would gratify him by appearing twice more previous to his return to Italy, to rejoin his daughter, Miss Adelaide Kemble. The parts of Benedick and Hamlet were accordingly announced for Tuesday, April 7th, and Thursday 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, the enterprising directors of Covent Garden, immediately felt that the immense audiences to the past, and the increased attraction of the future performances would, as is usual in theatrical affairs, greatly deteriorate the intermediate weeks' receipts, and a rumour obtained circulation that the theatre would be partially closed: on learning this, Mr. Kemble desired the management to make what use of him they pleased, for the benefit of the house, and, of course, for the advantage of the company attached to it: he accordingly played Mercutio, March 30th, Don Felix, April 1st, and Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal, on the 3rd, with unabated triumph; and we are assured that he has positively declined any compensation or complimentary consideration whatever for his seven nights' exertions, modestly acknowledging that he is overpaid by her Majesty's condescension, and the enthusiastic applause of his long-trying friends, the Public.

#### VINDICATION OF THE LIFE OF JOHN ELWES, ESQ., ERRONEOUSLY CALLED "THE MISER."

No person's character has been so mis-represented, or suffered more severely by biographers than that of John Elwes, Esq. In this paper we shall not recite every minute particular of his lengthened and highly-honourable career, but touch only on those leading or most prominent events of his life, which have been so sadly perverted.

Johnson, Bailey, and other eminent lexicographers, give the meaning of the word "Miser," as a base, niggardly, pitiful, paltry, unfeeling, covetous wretch. We, therefore, to make good our position, must prove that, in justice, neither of these significations ought to be applied to the subject of this memoir.

It may be as well to mention, taking Captain Topham's Life of Mr. Elwes,\* as our authority, that the family name of Mr. E. was Meggot; that he was educated chiefly at Westminster School, where he became a good classical scholar. From this seminary of learning he removed to Genoa, where he entered into pursuits more congenial than his studies; and, while there, he and Mr. Worsley, and Sir Sydney Meadows were, perhaps, the best riders in Europe. On his return to England, he was introduced to his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, then residing at Stoke, in Suffolk,—who was, in reality, the most perfect

\* The life of the late John Elwes, Esq., member in three successive parliaments for Beekley, by Edward Topham, Esq., late captain in the second troop of Horse Guards, and magistrate for the counties of Essex and York.

picture of human penury that ever lived, as L. E. L. says:—

His heart was like a maggot-eaten nut,  
With nothing in it, and 'twas closely shut.

He saw mankind only through one medium—money; his vital powers were so diverted from generous or social objects, by the prevailing passion of gold, that he could discover no trait in any character, however venerable or respectable, that was not seconded by riches. *He had not a friend in the world!* therefore he was justly entitled to the appellation of miser.\* Not so his generous but eccentric nephew, who succeeded to his immense wealth, estimated at 250,000*l.* and who assumed the name and family arms of Elwes.

For fifteen years previous to the death of his uncle, Mr. E. was well known in the fashionable circles of the metropolis. "Few men," says Captain Topham, even from his own acknowledgment, "had played deeper than himself, and with success more various. I remember hearing him say, he had once played two days and a night, without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. He lost some thousands at that sitting. Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by some thousands, but the vowels I. O. U. were then in use, and the sums that were owed him by very noble names were not liquidated. The theory which he professed, 'that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money,' he perfectly confirmed by his practice." This incident tends more than all to prove him a high-minded, extravagant, thoughtless spendthrift—certainly not a miser; for whoever heard of one associating and daily squandering his money with fashionable and profligate men, amidst "splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and waiters attendant at his call?" Such prodigalities as are here depicted, form no part of the composition of an avaricious base niggard. "Avarice," says Cotton, "falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its *pomps*, its *vanities*, nor its *pleasures* for his trouble." Who ever heard of a miser possessing such nice punctilious feelings, that could prevent him from asking a gentleman for money owing him? A real miser is utterly devoid of all feelings and desires but that of *amassing wealth*; he cannot, to come within the real meaning of the word, possess one kind, generous, honourable attribute; he is himself alone:

"Man delights not him, nor woman either."

\* This miserable man received an unwelcome visit from a set of gentlemen known in their day as the *Thatched Gang*. After compliments being passed, they took out of a large drawer, nearly three thousand guineas, which being settled to satisfaction on their parts, they sat down to supper, placing the old baronet at the head, and making him do the honour of his table! On quitting him they told him they had fastened his servant in the stable, and would leave a man behind who should murder them if he moved, when he very coolly replied, taking out his watch, "Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape; after that time, nothing shall prevent me seeing how my servant does."

He exists for himself, and for no other. He is avarice with a heart of stone; and under the fearful pile of his gold, lies buried his own immortal soul; he sees nothing but gold; he is overwhelmed by it—lost in it—smothered by it. He is the prisoner of gold—gold is the darling god of his idolatry.

The splendid rooms in these gambling-houses wherein Mr. Elwes resided, were not the habitation of a miser,—for his house is more gloomy than a prison; it dispenses with sun and pure air—has never heard the voice of prayer, nor that of complaint, nor that of joy—it is inert—opens and shuts, and that is all.

We were always pleased with the following description of a miser's habitation:

"Now ask if wealth the pearl of peace bestows;  
In walls of gold thy narrow soul inclose!  
'Say, where is peace?' the earth-bound churl replies,  
Fear in his heart, and famine in his eyes.  
'Where, where is peace?' he murmurs as he crawls  
Round his dark cell, and scans its mould'ring walls:  
To those lone walls an hovering curse belongs,  
Due to a sister's tears, an orphan's wrongs!  
Thrice with slow hands, he counts his doubtful store,  
Thrice on its stiff hinge turns the grating door,  
Then starts aghast, and checks his frozen breath,  
While the star'd spider strikes the watch of death.  
Gold, mighty gold, may Alpine roses spread,  
Or eull rich fruits from Scythia's frozen bed,  
But never yet with vernal garlands dress'd  
The colder carcases of a miser's breast.  
Wealth bids the rose for shrouded winter bloom,  
But strews no roses on her victim's tomb;  
Scarce meagre Av'rice saves his little all,  
The rustic shroud, the banner, and the pall."

To return to Mr. Elwes; he has been taunted for leaving the gambling-house to attend Smithfield-market, in order that he might superintend the sale of his cattle. But there is nothing very extraordinary in this conduct. Do not we see peers at the present day, leaving the senate or the ball-room, to attend the show and sale of their prize cattle? The mind of Mr. Elwes was too active to be idly employed.

Capt. Topham gives, as a proof of Mr. Elwes's miserly disposition, that, "on the death of Sir Harvey, he kept *fox-hounds!* but in the most frugal manner;" that is, he did not like his attendants to rob him, more than he could help. And again it is remarked, that the huntsman milked the cows, procured breakfast for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him; saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away went into the field; and in the evening rubbed down his master's *eight hunters*. How very much, indeed, this is like the establishment of a miser! And then, as a climax, the gallant biographer tells us, his hounds caught every thing they ran after, or they would get nothing to eat. Why, we always understood, unless fox-hounds were well fed, and carefully attended to, they never could undergo the fatigues of a long chase. "But then," says Captain T., "his horses were the admiration of every body;" so there is one pleasing reflection; that Mr. Elwes did not *starve* them. Yet "the whole

fox-hunting establishment did not cost him three hundred pounds a year." Well, what of that? he looked after the animals, and saw that his servants did not rob him, and that was the reason the expenses were so moderate.

Topham depicts Mr. Elwes, in one part of his illiberal sketch, as a man that "knives and sharpers might have lived upon him, while poverty and honesty might have starved." This is false—his lending an officer in the army a sum of money unasked, when a valuable commission was offered him; and also, his assisting a tradesman at Paddington repeatedly with money, to save him from ruin, clearly prove he possessed a noble and generous mind. And again, there is a story of Mr. Elwes, saddling his horse, and setting off to London, travelling all night, a distance of sixty miles, to save two maiden ladies from a suit in the ecclesiastical court. For this amiable action, which could not possibly proceed but from a warm-hearted, considerate man, he is made the subject of an ungenerous pun; from the lips of an old Irish gentleman whom these ladies asked as to how they could possibly repay Mr. E., when he replied, "My dears, is it expense you are talking of? Send him sixpence, and he gains two-pence by the bargain." A cold-blooded traducer must this Irish gentleman have been, because he was well assured Mr. E. did it from the spontaneous overflowings of his generous heart. Would either this said Irish gentleman or "Edward Topham, Esq., late captain in the second troop of horse guards, and magistrate for the counties of Essex and York," have acted so generously!—not they indeed.

We now come to the most important epoch of his life, as showing very clearly the real character of the man. Mr. Elwes was invited to come forward as a representative of the county of Berks, in parliament; and so highly did the freeholders value his irreproachable character for honour and integrity, that he was returned free of expense; and sat during three parliaments, to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. It is mentioned in the life by Capt. Topham, with a kind of sneer, that he got returned to parliament at the expense of nine-pence for a dinner at Aylesbury. Well, what is there extraordinary in his being so returned? is it not a convincing proof of the high estimation in which his character was held? would the freeholders have elected him if he had been what illiberal persons would wish the world to believe he was. Is it probable?—certainly not. As to his coming into parliament at the expense of nine-pence, even that small sum was more than it cost Sir Francis Burdett, for he was returned free from any expense—even the fee for the clerk of the house was given him, that he might go into parliament as an independent man, and as a proof of the inestimable regard the electors had for him.—This Vindication will be resumed in our next.

## OUR THOUSANDTH NUMBER.

### THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

ON the present proud occasion, we seize at the opportunity with avidity and delight—  
anxious to speak to our friends and readers, as it were, “face to face;” and to communicate  
to them, on the completion of this “OUR THOUSANDTH NUMBER,” the sentiments  
of our heart and mind.

The first Number of our work appeared on Saturday, November 2, 1822, after the coming  
into operation of one of six acts of Parliament, passed in the session of that year, for the pur-  
pose of suppressing many periodicals of a questionably religious or political tendency, then in  
a course of publication; and the object in commencing *THE MIRROR* was to supply to the  
Mechanic and Labouring Classes, who were the principal readers of the works above referred  
to, as much, or more reading, than they had hitherto been in the habit of enjoying—pledging  
itself not to interfere with Political or Theological Subjects. How far we have strictly con-  
formed to this pledge, adhering to our original intention; the good that has emanated from  
the primitive course laid down for our guidance; and the results of the mighty revolution in  
literature in England, of which we unhesitatingly say we were the precursors, we leave cheer-  
fully to the historian, and doubt not justice will be meted out to us.

The “*MIRROR*” was suggested and commenced under the judicious guidance of Mr. THOMAS  
BYERLEY, one of the talented and celebrated Brothers *Percy*, the compilers of “*The Percy  
Anecdotes*;” and it is a singular fact, that of all the numerous cheap publications\* brought  
before the public immediately after, and even up to the period of the publication of “*Cham-  
bers’ Edinburgh Journal*,” [February 1, 1832], not one succeeded except those commenced  
by Sholto and Reuben Percy; viz. our own work by Reuben, and the *Mechanic’s Magazine*,  
by Sholto. *THE MIRROR* so continued to be edited, until the public were deprived by death  
of the services of our honest, talented, and kind-hearted friend; after whose unfortunate and  
premature decease, it remained under the conservation of two other editors to the time of  
August 1838, when, environed with every disadvantage, it was undertaken by the present  
editor, whose humble but anxious efforts have received the public’s approbation.

It is true we have, in the course of our nearly eighteen years’ existence, had innumerable  
competitors—as well honest as dishonest copyists—but the straight-forward career pur-  
sued by us; has, we have no doubt, been the cause of our still enjoying such pre-eminent  
public patronage. And it is a fact, perhaps, worthy of mention, that *THE MIRROR* is the  
only instance in the literary history of our country, of a weekly publication having arrived  
at the Thousandth Number, under the direction of one proprietor; who, for this great honour,  
expresses his unbounded thanks, remarking, that it is to him a source of intense gratification,  
that, fostered as the above work has been by the British Public, upwards of Two Thousand  
Engravings which have appeared in the work, all, with the exception of one (a gift) have  
been the works of English artists—thus, to the utmost of his power, fostering *Native Talent*.  
Had he employed foreign masters, (now, unfortunately, too much the fashion,) he might have  
saved himself the outlay of very many hundreds of pounds.

Gratifying is the reflection, that the pages of *THE MIRROR* have been the means of nurturing  
youthful talent, by introducing their effusions to the notice of its numerous readers;  
among them may be named the late Miss Beever, Mr. Carter, and also others who feel a  
repugnance in having their names made public. And it is also a source of infinite delight we  
have witnessed, within the last eighteen months, a return of favours of so many old patrons  
of the work, with a vast accession of new Contributors; to all of whom our thanks are here  
sincerely tendered.

For some time past, our anxious wish has been to infuse into our work a greater influx  
of Original Papers; to attain which desirable object, regardless of expense, the assistance of  
several eminent scholars has been secured, in addition to our own resources; and we beg,  
by way of proof, to mention, that the whole of this, the Thousandth Number, is entirely of  
Original Articles, from the pen of the Editor and literary friends.

With such a beam of support as is now spontaneously extended to us, we cannot but feel,  
on the attainment of this far-advanced era of our existence, more vigorous and more deter-  
mined in our efforts to deserve well of our friends, the Public, in the hope that we may still  
be able to engross, as ever, their gratulations and well-wishes. Eighteen years since, at our  
first starting, they powerfully stood forward as our liberal patrons: chances of failure or  
miscarriage were, happily, then instantly overcome, and increasing years have made us  
more prize the advantages derived from their early assistance.

And now we gird up our loins anew, and buckle with fresh vigour to forthcoming labours.  
Proudly expectant, we delight in our future prospects—we live but in the future. A richer  
web is yet to be spun, and a mightier tale to be told.—The Thousand and One Nights have  
passed away.—Our pages have told many tales, perhaps as sweet as any Arabian lore could  
supply. Our lutes shall be once more strung. The applause already bestowed upon us by an  
approving public, has, in a certain sense, made us public property—and we look forward with  
no illaudable ambition, to count our time over again, and to be

ONCE MORE THE HERO OF A THOUSAND MIRRORS!

\* Of 367 various cheap periodicals, in the possession of the Editor, which have appeared subsequent to the first number of the  
*Mirror*, from one farthing to two pence, not twelve are now in the course of publication.